
Title: HONOR LOST

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The state of my people
leaves me distraught.
Even the name Troll is an
insult humans hurl at
each other, while in my
time the name Troll was
noble and respected. What
factors led my people
down this path of twisted
barbarism I will endeavour
to discover. Since I was
laid low by the sleeping
disease contracted in my
studies of the arcane,
there were no efforts to
revive me, and now I see
why. All trolls with any
mystic skills are
gone! Indeed it seems that
only the ignorant buffoons
remain, and are breeding
our society into mindless
brutes.

After I awakened, I was
shocked to see Trolls
dressed in no more than
rags, and even more
surprised at the garbled,
vile insults they hurled at
me. After they drove me
from their shelter
(imagine Trolls living in
caves like beasts) I
encountered a group of
our old allies, the
Humans. Upon sighting me,
they drew weapons and
charged! My surprise was
equalled by theirs when I
turned and ran, believing
these to be bandits or
raiders. It seems that a
Troll who thinks of self
preservation is alien to
them.

My own clothes are torn

and tattered, and it
shames me to wear them,
but it seems Trolls no
longer harvest the silk of
the kith. If only I had
learned to use the loom
in my youth I would spin
my own cloth. I also
hunger for fine wine and
breads, but it seems my
fellows have resorted to
stealing toraxes from
humans and eating them
raw. One of the Trolls I
currently reside with
brought in a Human child,
and was going to eat him!
I would stand for no
more, and blasted the
Troll with a spell of
light. The others huddled
away from me and stared
with fear and hatred. I will
carry the injured child
back to the gates of the
human city. When the
guards see my act of
goodwill, they will hear me
out, and perhaps I will
find allies among them.